

AT \$1.50 A YEAR, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. OFFICE—BANKERS BUILDING, Northwest Corner Square, over the Post Office.

R. M. WHITE, Editor and Proprietor. VOL. XXIV. MEXICO, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1882. [ \$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. ] NO. 10.

TIME TABLE.

Table with columns for destination (St. Louis, Wash & Pacific Ry., Chicago & Alton, etc.) and departure times.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

KENNAN & MCINTYRE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. OFFICE—UPPER ST. STEPHEN'S BUILDING.

D. T. GENTRY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE—120 N. MAIN ST.

ORLANDO HITZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE—120 N. MAIN ST.

QUISBERY & GENTRY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. OFFICE—120 N. MAIN ST.

ROBERTSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE—120 N. MAIN ST.

DR. W. C. PIPINO, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE—UPPER ST. STEPHEN'S BUILDING.

DR. W. HAMILTON, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE—OVER THE SAVINGS BANK.

S. N. RUSSELL, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE—OVER THE SAVINGS BANK.

W. W. BODMAN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE—OVER THE SAVINGS BANK.

THEO. A. KEETON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE—NORTHWEST CORNER OF POST AND MAIN STS.

J. W. REED, RESIDENT DENTIST. OFFICE—OVER BUCKETS & EMMONS STORE.

J. F. McWILLIAMS, RESIDENT DENTIST. OFFICE—BARNES B. WINEGARD'S, EAST SIDE SQUARE, MEXICO, MO.

FEED YOUR STOCK! When in town bring your horses and feed them at the feed store.

F. M. JOHNS, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER. (Formerly of Lexington, Ky.)

THE MEXICAN SOUTHERN BANK. CAPITAL PAID IN \$100,000.00.

GEO. H. CLARK, AUCTIONEER. OFFICE—120 N. MAIN ST.

EUROPEAN DINING HALL! (Formerly American Kitchen.)

LOWRIDGE & MACCUBBIN, PROPRIETORS. SOUTH SIDE OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

EVERYTHING MADE, CLEAN AND FRESH. THE SEASON ALWAYS ON HAND.

GIVE US A CALL.

DIRECTORY.

National and State Directory.

THE EXECUTIVE. President—R. Arthur Taylor, \$50,000. Vice-President—David Davis, \$50,000.

THE CABINET.

Secretary of State—E. T. Freligh, \$10,000. Secretary of the Treasury—Chas. F. Folger, \$10,000.

UNITED STATES JUDICIARY.

Chief Justice—Morrison E. Waite, of Ohio, \$10,500. Associate Justices—(Salary of each, \$8,000.)

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

U. S. Circuit Court—Western District of Missouri. Hon. Samuel F. Miller, Judge, \$5,000.

STATE OFFICIALS.

Governor—F. A. Lindbergh, \$5,000. Lieutenant Governor—Robert A. Campbell, \$5,000.

SUPREME COURT.

Thomas A. Stewart, Chief Justice, \$10,000. John W. Hines, Associate Justice, \$10,000.

RAILROAD COMMISSIONERS.

James Hamilton, Chairman, \$5,000. George C. Pratt, \$5,000.

STATE LEGAL AGENCY—FULTON.

T. H. H. Smith, Resident Agent and Physician, \$8,000 per year.

DEPT. AND LAB. AGENCY—FULTON.

W. H. Berry, Resident Agent, \$5,000. James K. Shelby, Jr., \$5,000.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Representatives—Hon. C. G. Daniel (R. E. Carter, J. E. Grigg, J. E. Locke).

Judge of Probate—F. E. Grigg. County Clerk—J. E. Locke.

Sherriff—Wm. F. Feltner. Public Administrator—C. D. Rodgers.

Regular Terms—Fourth Monday in January; Second Monday in March, and Second Monday in May.

Regular Terms—Second Monday in March, May, September, and November.

Regular Terms—First Monday in May, August, November and February.

Mayor—Wm. Feltner. Recorder—C. G. Daniel.

First Ward—Res. B. G. B. Marquette. Second Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

Third Ward—Res. J. E. Locke. Fourth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

Fifth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke. Sixth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

Seventh Ward—Res. J. E. Locke. Eighth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

Ninth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke. Tenth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

Eleventh Ward—Res. J. E. Locke. Twelfth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

Thirteenth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke. Fourteenth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

Fifteenth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke. Sixteenth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

Seventeenth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke. Eighteenth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

Nineteenth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke. Twentieth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

Twenty-first Ward—Res. J. E. Locke. Twenty-second Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

Twenty-third Ward—Res. J. E. Locke. Twenty-fourth Ward—Res. J. E. Locke.

FAITH.

God holds the key of all unknown. And I am glad, if His hands should hold the key, if He trusted it to me, I might be able.

I cannot read His future plan, But this I know— While here below, And all the refuge of His grace, Through His mercy, He will save me.

For what I cannot see, And in His care, I leave it to His Father's hand.

ENGINE NO. 1.

Did you ever ride in the 'cab' of a locomotive? A reporter, you know, never allows a chance to slip wherein information is to be fairly gained.

When burly-framed and large-hearted Buck Smith, engineer of No. 1, offered me a ride in his "cab," you may depend to use a slang phrase—"I was there."

Smith was a popular fellow. But his extreme quietness of disposition was remarked by every one, and there was an evanescent, unmistakable expression of sadness in his handsome eyes, with his glance was as an eagle's when on the run and "looking out ahead." He was running the St. Louis night express that backs into Washington before heading westward. I was going as far as the capital.

I clambered, sily and unscen, into the "cab," and was instantly alert for everything, though careful to keep myself out of the way.

Promptly at 7:30 the gong sounded. There was a hissing of steam, a continuous, dulcet changing of the bell, puff! puff! and out of the glare of C— station we glided into darkness—darkness pitch and wet with falling snow.

Grim, stern, rigid as a statue stood Buck. I fell to wondering whether an engineer's arm never grew tired, when I knew that his trusty hand did not dare once to be removed from that small lever in a route of hundreds of miles, while scores of human beings slept tranquilly in the cars behind him—slept, and few indeed had thought to offer a prayer for the brave, resolute man on whose nerve their very lives depended.

To my surprise, with the increase of speed, there seemed to be less noise in the "cab." And it was just as I began to realize this, that the incident occurred which I now relate to you.

We had passed Winifred. I knew there was no road to signal; for but Buck suddenly exclaimed: "Blow, Harry!"

The fireman pulled the cord, and out on the night shrieked a peculiar whistle, unlike any I had ever heard. At the same time, Harry, the young fireman, glanced at me strangely and shook his head. I looked instinctively toward Buck Smith, and what I saw made my reporter's heart jump.

"There was a mystery in the 'cab' of engine No. 1. That firm hand was still tight on the lever, the stern, sad eyes still fixed unwaveringly ahead; but I saw on one cheek a single, shining, rolling tear.

He was bending forward slightly. His rough shirt was open at the front, where, suspended by a leathern string, were two rings—one a plain gold band, the other set with a beautiful, gleaming diamond. These rings were pressed kissingly to his lips.

"Buck's a prayin'!" said the fireman, close to my ear. Then Buck, as he carefully hid away the rings:

"Hear that too, Nat?" "Yes." "Guess what it's for?" "For my little girl."

"Why, I didn't know you had a child, Buck." "Well, the whole world doesn't know it—that's a fact. Coal up, Harry; here's the grade!"

The iron rod was wrenched open, like the fiery, seething mouth of a monster dragon, while the fireman plied his shovel.

All had transpired in less than ten seconds. As the glare had lighted brightly on the dark night, I saw, on the bank by the track-side—saw, as we sped like the wind—a female figure, who waved a lantern briskly to and fro.

"God bless her, Nat—that's my Dolly!" Then, presently: "I don't know but I may as well tell you about it—though I don't tell everybody, mind you. I've only had my home here a few years—used to live near Point O' Rocks. As pretty a cottage it was, for a pretty wife, as any man need wish for. You haven't known me long; or you'd have heard that I married a girl who expected to inherit handomely. But I like you, Nat. No matter how the match came about. She was a very delicate and very beautiful girl for a rough man like I am. I won her away from a chap who was better off, better looking than I. His name was Carroll Conrad. I was never a jealous man; I did not even request my wife to give up her acquaintance. So I thought nothing of it when sometimes when I returned from a trip, she would say: "Buck, dear, Carroll has been to see me."

"But one night, Nat, there came a blow to me that will high drive me mad—wait a minute. Blow for the lady, Harry!"

Three, four times, shrieked the prompt whistle, and presently the train came to a halt. Not for long. There was a bang on the little gong over my head that startled me.

Again we steamed onward. No more stoppings until we reached Washington now; no more interruptions, excepting the signal blows for curves and roads. I was almost breathlessly still, watching Buck, who, it seemed to me, had not moved a muscle, or turned an eye from his "lookout" since he kissed the talismanic rings.

"I found the cottage darkened," he resumed, abruptly, after we had rumbled across the viaduct. "There was no light to welcome me, like there had always been, and—and, Nat, my wife was gone. I found on my parlor table a note that first set my blood on fire, then turned my heart to stone. As near as I can remember, it was something like this:

"Buck, dear, forgive me! My life has been so lonesome since marrying you, and the temptation so great, that I have consented to go with Carroll. I am not all wicked; I couldn't help it; forgive me!"

"I thought it all over as a dream, Nat. Poor little thing! she didn't see much of me for love-making, that's a fact. Then some sort of demon caused me to write on the back of the note a horrible curse upon the pair, and I pinned it to the table top with my penknife.

"Turning around I found little Dolly standing in the doorway, crying. She had been looking everywhere in vain for mamma. At least this treasure was left to me. Ah, Nat, it was this precious charge that saved me from going straight to the dogs!"

"I closed the cottage, resigned from my engine, and brought Dolly off here to live. I'd saved a little sum. A year went by. Then came another eventful night—a night as sad to me as ever human being knew. The wind howled a gale; the snow was deep, and piling fast. Dolly came running to me, crying, loudly: "Papa—oh papa—there's somebody laying on the track. It's a woman. I can't pull her off; and the St. Louis express is coming!"

"Nat, I reached the track, I think at two big leaps. In another moment I had grasped up a female, who was half-buried in the snow; and just in time, for this same engine—No. 1—went whizzing past. When I laid her on the lounge, I—Nat, it was my little lost wife! What a coming back! Oh, how different she looked! I saw death in her delicate face and form—always delicate, as I said before. She opened her eyes and called out, in a voice that seems to dwell in my ears now:

"Buck—oh, Buck, dear, is it you at last?" "Then, as I stood dumb and trembling, she told her painful story. Carroll Conrad had come to her with a letter from her father, who was in New York, saying that he was dying and wanted her by his side. Little Dolly was at a friend's house, three miles back in the country. No time could be lost. She went with Conrad. Not until they were beyond Philadelphia did she learn, from her own lips, the dastardly ruse.

"The letter was a forgery. The lady note of explanation she had left for me I found—another base forgery. She was now blasted in my sight, he told her. Soon her name would be handed in slanderous gossip. Had she not better go with him, and let the devotion repay for the trick? She spruned the wretch, and called on the train conductor to protect her, continuing her way to New York.

"Here she found her father truly dead. He had ruptured an artery in excitement over a speculation failure that cost him every dollar of his fortune. She was then without kindred, without money, and her few early friends scattered and lost. She changed her name, and she lived happily and well. Long and happy lives to you, good friends! While memory holds a seat in this distracted globe," will you remember her!

Who is Lizzie! A passenger conductor on the C. & A. railroad, a married man, and living in Mexico, sent a telegram to St. Louis a few days since, which read something like this: "Meet me at the depot to-night, Lizzie. We suppose, of course, Lizzie met him, as we have heard nothing to the contrary—Vandalia Leader.

Who is Lizzie? Who is the C. & A. R. R. conductor who lives in Mexico except "Pap" Conklin? and the Lord knows he would not speak of "Lizzie," much less make an appointment with her. There is a mistake sure, and so "Lizzie" says.

How Missouri Greenbackers Would Tax the People.

From the St. Louis Republican. The worst goods on which it is proposed to raise the tariff from thirty-five per cent to eighty-five per cent, embrace all kinds of knit goods, hosiery, drawers and underwear of men, women and children.

There is not a household in the land which would not be affected by this increase of tax. There is scarcely one individual who would not feel it. At present the price of all this character of underwear, on account of the tariff, is one-third higher than it would be, or ought to be; but the protectionists, who find the people patient beasts of burden, propose to increase their load.

If the tax can be increased to eighty-five per cent, the rightful price will be raised to nearly double what it ought to be—that is, goods worth \$1 will cost \$1.85. In favor of this increase the house of representatives on a vote a few days since stood 135 to 70. There were wanting but two-thirds to give the necessary two-thirds to suspend the rules. It is, of course, not improbable that this bill will yet be passed. The point in conjunction with it which most directly concerns the people of Missouri is that the four Greenbackers, Ford, Burrows, Rice and Hazeltine, plumped their votes in for this increase of tax upon their constituents. Not a man in either one of their districts but would find his clothing increased in cost if these protectionist Greenback members of congress can have their way.

There is not a shadow of reason or excuse for proposed legislation except that the rich woolen goods manufacturers, mostly located in the East, want to get richer. The tax has not even the specious excuse of protection to wool-growers, as it would not bar out or raise the price of the raw material upon which these manufacturers largely rely, and of which they imported \$7,500,925 worth during the nine months ending March 31 of the present fiscal year. Of course these Greenbackers stood alone in the Missouri delegation in the effort to put this additional onerous and needless tax on the people of this State.

1860-1882.

From the Missouri Chronicle. Be it remembered that Saturday, June 10, 1882, was the 22nd birthday of the Chronicle's Manager, and the day when present a number of people to the Old Man endeared by years of affectionate friendship. Besides his brother, James B. Thompson, and two daughters, with two sisters, and nephews Dick Phillips of St. Louis, and there were Aunt Margaret Muir of the famous Aunt Ann's family; Miss Lizzie Hayes of Andrain. All these gathered around the Old Man's board and enjoyed the reunion more than the feast, although the spread was both bounteous and dainty. And what a troop of memories chased each other up and down the lanes of the mind! How many of these sacred presence, and looking on these faces, sanctified from childhood's very earliest recognition of goodness—looking thus and "thinking of the days that are no more!"

Yes! yesterday was the Old Man's birthday; and he received a lot of presents that made him very happy. Beer, Jim brought down from the Land of Plenty some pounds of fine butter and a bunch of radishes, a number of which resembled 50-cent pieces of silver, and the others were pounds of flour; Mrs. Will J. Kirby of Huntsville, a gorgeous bouquet; Miss Alice Haines, a resplendent bouquet; and Mr. E. J. Smith, the masterful, accomplished job printer of the "Home Press, La Plata, a brand new "Faber No. 2" in a splendid nickel-mounted holder and an elegant pair of Bathing half-hose; Mrs. Rebecca Thompson, Carlyle's French Revolver. Now, we'll say a reasonable sum on the proposition that William H. Vanderbilt didn't enjoy his last birthday gifts, nor prize the good will of the donors, more than the "Old Man of the Chronicle" appreciated the gifts and favors above enumerated. Long and happy lives to you, good friends! While memory holds a seat in this distracted globe," will you remember her!

Who is Lizzie! A passenger conductor on the C. & A. railroad, a married man, and living in Mexico, sent a telegram to St. Louis a few days since, which read something like this: "Meet me at the depot to-night, Lizzie. We suppose, of course, Lizzie met him, as we have heard nothing to the contrary—Vandalia Leader.

Who is Lizzie? Who is the C. & A. R. R. conductor who lives in Mexico except "Pap" Conklin? and the Lord knows he would not speak of "Lizzie," much less make an appointment with her. There is a mistake sure, and so "Lizzie" says.

For Supreme Court.

We had the pleasure Monday of meeting Col. J. C. Cravens, of Springfield, Mo., who, in company with W. H. Kemmer, made us a pleasant call. He was on his way to Columbia to attend a meeting of the curators of the University. Col. Cravens is a candidate for supreme judge and has a host of warm and influential friends in this part of the State.

The chapel at Hardin College is not large enough by half, and we sincerely hope when the new wing is built that the chapel will be enlarged so that it will, at least, hold the patrons of the school. Hundreds were turned away every night during commencement and those that did stay were packed like sardines in a box.

A Competent Customer.

"Is the gentleman who knows everything?" stammered a vision of golden hair and sea blue eyes, as she stood timidly beside the managing editor's desk yesterday afternoon.

"Everything about what?" asked the editor, claving around under his desk for his shoes and trying to hide his stocking feet under him. "Upon which particular branch do you seek information?"

"I don't exactly know what to do," pouted the strawberry lips. "I've said I can have only one dress this spring, and I don't know how to make it up. I thought the gentleman who answers questions could tell me."

"Him?" muttered the managing editor. "He has gone up in Maine to find out why geese always walk in single file. An 'Anxious Inquirer' wants to know. What kind of a dress had you thought of getting?"

"That's what I want to know," I went something that will look well with terra cotta gloves."

"Yes, yes," murmured the editor. "Then you should get one of those green things with beads that turn all kinds of colors, and some fringe and fixings of that kind."

"Would you have it cut princess or wear it with a polonaise?" she inquired, looking at him searchingly.

"You—you might have it princess around the neck and a row of polonaises at the bottom," suggested the editor. "That's going to be very fashionable, and a couple of hip pockets would set it off royally."

"I don't know," murmured the beauty. "I haven't seen any of that style. Do you know whether paniers are worn bouffant this season, or whether the skirt is tight?"

"Oh, certainly!" replied the editor. "Shirrit, by all means!" exclaimed the editor. "Shirrit it straight up and down, and fasten it with these loops of black tape."

"You mean frogs?" asked the beauty.

"No, no. These big loops that slip over two buttons. That sets off the shirrs and gives a sort of tout to the ensemble," and the editor leaned back and smiled superior.

"Don't you think revers of a lighter shade would look prettier?" she inquired.

"They'll do to fix up the back, but I wouldn't put 'em on the front," answered the editor, sagely. "Revers are very well to trim a hat with, but they don't set off a dress front."

"How would you like the corsetage?"

"I wouldn't have any at all. You would look much better without one."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, rising.

"Oh, if you insist, you might have a small one, certainly not over three inches long, for short dresses are the style now."

"You—you don't seem to understand," she commenced.

"Oh, don't!" he retorted. That's what I'm here for. I think there is nothing so lamentable as to see a young lady dragging her corsetage through the mud and dust. Still, if you want one, you should have it, so you can take it off when you go on the street and only wear it at home. They are hard to handle and not one woman in a hundred can kick her corsetage gracefully."

"I—I am very much obliged to you," she murmured. "You are very good, I am sure."

"Don't mention it," replied the editor, politely; "I think when you get it shirred and reversed and polonaised and princessed you'll like it very much. You might get a sash and some big buttons to put on behind, or, if you'd like another style better, you might trim the whole front with bouffants and wear the panier for a hat."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed the blushing bud, as she scuttled down stairs.

"Swipes!" roared the managing editor, with a complacent smile and a glance of approval at himself in the glass. "Swipes, you may tell the foreman to send me a proof of the fashion notes as soon as they come in. I have observed that a great many errors have crept in lately."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Reader, But Not a Subscriber."

To the Editor of the Ledger: CENTRALIA, Mo., June 14.—I am a reader, but not a subscriber, of the Ledger; but I would like to know why you don't publish some items from every week.

If you were a subscriber as well as a reader, you would get a reasonable reply. As it is, we will simply state for your benefit that if you don't like the LEDGER, "read" some other paper without subscribing. You, of course, know just what ought to be published. Why don't you start a paper of your own? You have evidently missed your calling—that is, if you are doing anything.

Mothers will find Dr. Winchell's Teething Syrup just the medicine to have in the house for the children. It will cure colics, coughs, sore throats and regulate the bowels. Try it.

"Treaty Offer."

Coming down on a Michigan avenue car Saturday morning were two drivers, one of them an unmistakable Yankee; not the Yankee of the foot-lights, but one from "Loam East among the mountains of Vermont."

They were conversing about the live stock market, and the nasal inflection of the Vermontier quickly caught the ear of the other passengers, and all at once became interested listeners.

"How's the cattle?" inquired Vermont.

"Right good," replied the Westerner. "How's the sheep?"

"There's money in sheep now, and alius. I came south here about nine years ago without a dollar, for I was poor now I tell ye. I went to driven' sheep fur old Suggins at a dollar a year up my board. Bimeby, after I got a feeble equipped, with feller and had laid up a leetle money, I began to buy on my own hook—payin' the farmers a part on it and gettin' trusted for the balance until next trip. Now ye got that farm of mine up to Franksville, worth five thousand dollars if it's worth a cent, and that hotel property over on the plank, worth nine thousand dollars quick, and I don't owe a cent on neither one nor t'other on 'em. Yes, sir, I'm worth to-day fourteen thousand dollars, and I made every dollar on it often sheep. If I'd a knowed as much as I do now, I'd a gone into hosses, and I'd a been rich now. There's a lot of money in hosses, all the time. Jim Brown bought two out in Oakland county last week fur a hundred and ten dollars apiece, brought 'em to Detroit and sold the pair fur three hundred as quick as you could turn your hand over. Jim's gittin' rich. Wonder how corn's gittin'?"

"Corn's way down. Tumbled six cents in Chicago in two days."

"Fact!"

"You don't tell me so! Shouldn't wonder a darn bit if sheep ad gone down ten! They're allus a gettin' up some got darned trick er other. Golly! How the offer fellers must a tumbled! Six cents a bushel would clean out many a speckler cleaner's a hound's tooth. Ever try any options?"

"No."

"I did. Made ten dollars quicker'n you could skin a cat. Next day I thought I'd try agin, so I went in and laid down ten or thousand bushels er wheat. The feller had no more'n put the money in the drawer than 'clicket-a-click' went over their merchant. 'Yeou're froze out,' sez the feller. 'Yeou don't say so,' sez I. 'I'll go yer agin,' sez I. 'Clicket-a-click' went their merchant agin. 'Yeou're froze out agin,' sez he. 'Then I'll stay froze,' sez I. I walked out an' went up to the tavern an' took a big drink of rum and merlasses, an' sez I to myself, 'what's too tartful lively for yeou. Jest you stick to sheep an' yeou're all right,' an' a bought no options sense. Durn options! Sheep is safer!"

Mexico now has a Lawn Tennis Club which is thinking of getting a uniform. A very pretty costume consists of a straight dress of satin, summer lawn or any other pretty summer wearing material—with a killing of several narrow flounces round the bottom, a belted waist and a "Finamore" overdress, cut square or low-pitched at the neck, and having a white pocket for balls directly across the front.

Worse and Here of It. We showed that what was \$215,000 had been sent out of the county for feed. Since writing that article we have been informed that cattle have been shipped to Illinois and wintered to the cost of about \$75,000. S. W. Downing, a prominent stockman of this county, sent 212 head of cattle and 400 hogs to Illinois and fed them \$12,000 worth of feed.

Men in Missouri who do not get nominated by the Greenback party for office will have the same satisfaction that the gentleman had when he was run over by the "Black Maria." He remarked as he picked himself up: "There is one consolation about it. The fact that I was run over by the machine shows that I wasn't inside of it."

A Boston journalist says "a kiss for each falling star is the lovers' rule." This may do in Boston, where it takes some time to remove eye-glasses; but it won't do in Mexico! The falling stars are too few and far between.

Woman's True Friend. A friend in need is true indeed. This none can deny, especially when assistance is rendered when one is sorely afflicted with disease, more particularly those complaints and weaknesses so common to our female population. Every woman should know that Electric Bitters are the woman's true friend, and will positively restore her to health, even when all other remedies fail. A single trial will prove our assertion. They are pleasant to the taste, and only cost 50 cents a bottle. Sold by J. F. Llewellyn.

For the Cure of Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and all miasmatic diseases, there is nothing equal to the Marsh Ague Cure. It is a safe, cheap and